

A Famous Publication

THIRDS YEAR OF THE
HOPKINS-CAMPT MOVIES

Bill Boyd

WESTERN

WEEKLY
10¢
NO. 1



The story of: **THE BULLION BANDITS**



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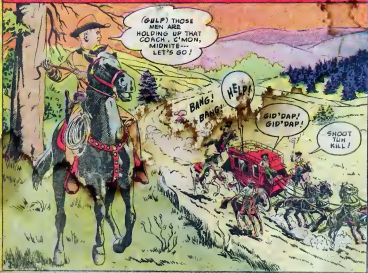
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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. A. Fawcett Jr. President

Bill Boyd and the BULLION BANDITS

OUT OF THE WEST HE CAME—HIS SKIN TANNED, HIS BODY SINEWY AND HIS SHOOTING HAND STEADY! **BILL BOYD**, WESTERN HERO, THE VERY SYMBOL OF LAW AND ORDER! BUT PITTED AGAINST HIM, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LAW, ARE FOUR OF THE DEADLIEST KILLERS IN THE WHOLE WEST! WHEN THESE TWO FORCES CLASH, THE AIR IS FILLED WITH AN OMINOUS CLOUD OF DEATH, KICKED UP BY BLAZING SIX-SHOOTERS!







EASY, BOY!



ONE MISSTEP---
AND IT'S
MY LAST!



A PERFECT
LANDING!
NOW TO BRING
THESE HORSES
TO A STOP!



WHOA--
WHOA!

MESBE YUH COULDN'T
STOP THOSE BULLION
BANDITS, BOYD, BUT
YUH SHORE SAVED
OUR LIVES!

WHEN
THESE
RUNAWAY
HOGSES
STARTED OFF,
I NEVER
EXPECTED TUN
SEE TOMORROW
AGAIN!

ONE OF YOU MEN CAN DRIVE
THE COACH BACK TO TOWN!
YOU CAN TELL THE SHERIFF
THE WHOLE STORY!
I'LL REPORT
LATER!

THAT WOULDN'T
BE ANY STORY
TUN TELL IF WE'D
ONLY REACHED THE
EDGE OF TOWN! THE
SHERIFF HAD A FEW
DEPUTIES WAITING
THAR TUN ESCORT
THIS COACH THE
REST OF THE
WAY!



THOSE MEN-
COULDN'T HAVE GONE
300 FAR! MAYBE
I CAN STILL
SPOT THEM!



MEANWHILE.....

THET NARROW PASS
IS THE ONLY EXIT OUTTA
THIS MYAR TOWN! ONCE
WE'RE THROUGH, THEY'LL
NEVER KNOW WHAT
TUN LOOK FER US!

YUH SAID IT,
BOGG! WITH THESE
HILLS RIGHT IN
THE MIDDLE OF
THIS TOWN, THET
JOB WE PULLED
SHORE WENT OFF
RIGHT!



I'VE BEEN LOOKING AT THET SIGN,
AND I THINK I'VE GOT IT ALL FIGGERED
OUT! WE'RE GITTING OUTTA HYAR--
AND THE BULLION IS
GONNA GO WITH US!

THET'S TOO GOOD
TUN BELIEVE! MAKE
WITH THE WORDS,
GREASY, SO WE
CAN ALL BE
IN ON IT!

STANLEY
LUMBER
COMPANY
MEN
WANTED

WE'RE ALL IN THIS
TOGETHER---AND
WE'RE GONNA STICK
TOGETHER! NOW
THIS IS MUH
PLAN!

SOON---

NOW, CACTUS, YUH AND
SNEAKY WILL TAKE CARE
OF THIS END WHILE
BULLETS AND I--- WE'LL
TAKE CARE OF YUH, GREASY,
OURS! WITH THE BULLION.
SO LONG!

MEANWHILE-----

---NO, BILL, THAR AIN'T ANYBODY
BEEN RIDING THROUGH HYAR CARRYING
ANY GOLD BULLION! WE SHORE
WOULD'VE STOPPED ANY

CRITTER
WITH SUCH A
LOAD!

I JUST
WANTED
TO CHECK
UP,
DEPUTY!
THANKS!

C'MON, MIDNITE! THAT
MEANS THOSE MEN
ARE HIDING OUT SOME-
WHERE IN THE HILLS!
THERE'S A SLIM CHANCE
WE CAN SPOT THEM
BEFORE IT GETS DARK!

SHORTLY AFTER----

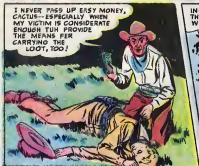
NIGHT'S CREEPT
UPON US AND I HAVEN'T
SEEN ANY SIGN OF
THEM YET! MAYBE
THAT FELLOW UP
AHEAD HAS SEEN
THEM!

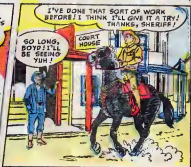
STANLEY
LUMBER
COMPANY
MEN
WANTED

I JEST WANTED TUN
CHECK TUN MAKE SHORE
WE DIDN'T LEAVE ANY
SIGNS WHAR WE BURIED
---HUM! WHO'S THAT?

HOLD ON,
PARTNER!
I WANT TO
ASK YOU
SOMETHING!

I AIN'T TAKING
ANY CHANCES!







THAT PILE OF RUBBISH LOOKS
LIKE AS GOOD A PLACE AS
ANY TO START!



HUH-- BLOOD! OH... THAT'S
PROBABLY WHERE THE
POOR MAN WHO
WAS KILLED FELL!



WAIT-- IF HE FELL HERE, HOW
COULD HE HAVE GONE DOWN
THE CHUTE? HE'D HAVE HAD
TO BE CARRIED!



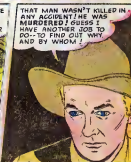
THIS CLUB--
I JUST
WONDER--!



THERE ARE
BLOOD
STAINS
ALL OVER
IT!



THAT MAN WASN'T KILLED IN
ANY ACCIDENT! HE WAS
MURDERED! GUESS I
HAVE ANOTHER JOB TO
DO-- TO FIND OUT WHY,
AND BY WHOM!



UNTIL I FIND OUT A LITTLE MORE ABOUT
WHAT'S GOING ON IN THIS LUMBER CAMP,
I'M KEEPING QUIET! IT'S DANGEROUS
TO TALK TOO EARLY! YOU OUGHT
GIVE YOUR HAND AWAY THAT
WAY!



THE MEN ARE ALL
OUT ON THEIR JOBS
NOW! IT MIGHT BE
A GOOD IDEA TO GO
THROUGH THE BUNKHOUSE!
THERE'S NO TELLING
WHAT I'LL FIND THERE!



GOOD--NOBODY'S AROUND!

HUH?--THAT'S MY KERCHEF! WHAT'S IT DOING HERE?---

--UNLESS THE FELLOW WHO GONKED AND ROBBED ME IS WORKING HERE, TOO!

MAYBE THE SAME FELLOW IS TIED UP WITH THAT MURDER ON THE CHUTE--- AND THEN AGAIN, MAYBE NOT! BUT I'M GOING TO KEEP AN EYE ON HIM! TO AVOID SUSPICION, I'LL PUT THE KERCHEF BACK WHERE I FOUND IT!

THAT NIGHT---

LIGHTS OUT! GOOD NIGHT!

IF THIS LUMBERJACK NEXT TOMB IS UP TO SOMETHING BIGGER THAN ROBBING ME, HE'S BOUND TO OPERATE AT NIGHT! I'LL PRETEND TO SLEEP AND SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO!

IN A FEW MINUTES-----

PSST, SNEAKY! THEY'RE ALL FAST ASLEEP! LET'S GO!

I WAS RIGHT! HE IS UP TO SOMETHING-- BUT WHATEVER IT IS, HE'S NOT WORKING ALONE! HE HAS A PARTNER!

DON'T MAKE A SOUND! WE DON'T WANT TUB WAKE ANYONE UP!

THEY DON'T KNOW IT YET, BUT THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE COMPANY!





I STILL CAN'T FIGURE THEM OUT! NOW THEY'RE GOING OVER TO THE CUT TREES!



DON'T WORRY--- THEY'VE ALL ARRIVED ON SCHEDULE SO FAR, HAVEN'T THEY?

GIVE ME A HAND, CACTUS! WE GOTTA FIT IT JUST RIGHT SO'S IT DOESN'T FALL OUT AFORE IT REACHES ITS DESTINATION! HA, HA!



THAR! NOW C'MON! WE GOTTA GET BACK TUN THE BUNKHOUSE AFORE ANYONE NOTICES WE SNEAKED OUT!

NOW'S ANYONE GONNA NOTICE IT WHEN WE ALWAYS DO IT DURNO THE NIGHT?



I WATCHED EVERY MOVE THEY MADE! NOW TO FIND THE LOGS THEY USED--- WAIT! ONE OF THEM IS MARKED!



IN FACT, IT'S BEEN HOLLOWED OUT!



(GULP) IT'S A BULLION BAR!



SO THAT'S IT--- THEY'RE PART OF THE BULLION BANDIT GANG! AND IT ALL TIES UP WITH THAT POOR FELLOW'S DEATH!



HE PROBABLY STUMBLED ONTO ONE OF THOSE HOLLOWED LOGS BY ACCIDENT AND THE ONLY SAFE WAY THEY COULD SHUT HIM UP WAS TO KILL HIM AND PASS IT OFF AS AN ACCIDENT!

BY SENDING THE BULLION DOWN THE RIVER INSIDE THESE LOGS, THOSE THIEVES ARE ABLE TO GET IT OUT OF TOWN WITHOUT BEING DETECTED! OF COURSE, I CAN GRAB THESE MEN AND HAVE THEM LOCKED UP---



---BUT THAT WOULDN'T HELP ME CATCH THEIR LEADER! THE ONLY WAY I CAN DO THAT IS BY FOLLOWING THIS LOG ON ITS NEXT TRIP AND SEE WHO'S AT THE OTHER END! BUT THAT WILL HAVE TO WAIT TILL MORNING! RIGHT NOW I'D BETTER GRAB SOME SHUT-EYE!



THE NEXT MORNING.....

KEEP 'EM MOVING, MEN! KEEP 'EM MOVING!



THIS IS MY CHANCE! I'VE GOT MIDNITE ALL SADDLED AND READY TO GO!



G'MON, BOY! WE'VE GOT A LITTLE JOURNEY TO MAKE, BUT I'M NOT QUITE SURE WHERE IT'S GOING TO TAKE US!



IT SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD TO KEEP AN EYE ON THOSE LOGS!



THERE THEY ARE!



LATER...

THE RIVER COMES TO AN END RIGHT AROUND THIS BEND! WE MUST BE ALMOST THERE!

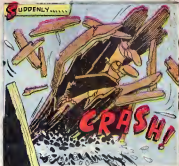
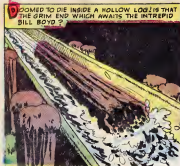




AND AFTER BOYD TELLS HIS STORY....









THE FIRST THING TO DO IS
GET RIGHT BACK TO THE
MILL! MAYBE I CAN STILL
NAB THE FOREMAN AND
HIS HENCHMAN!



BUT WHEN BOYD
GETS THERE...



--- YEAH, THE
FOREMAN JEST
WALKED OUT!
AND THE HOMBRE
YUH DESCRIBE
WENT WITH
HIM!

MAYBE I CAN GET BACK TO
THE OTHER LOGGING CAMP
BEFORE THOSE OTHER TWO
ROBBERS QUIT!



G'MON, MIDNITE! WE'VE
GOT A LONG RIDE AHEAD--
AND NOT MUCH
TIME TO DO
IT IN!



THIS IS A
SHORTER ROUTE
THAN THE RIVER
TRAIL WE TOOK
BEFORE!



SHORTLY AFTER...

BOYD! WHAR
HAVE YUH
BEEN?
I'LL ANSWER
YOUR QUESTION
LATER! DID YOU
SEE ANYTHING
OF SNEAKY
AND CACTUS?



THOSE TWO! THEY JEST
QUIT ON ME--AND WITHOUT
ANY WARNING, TOO!
THEY RODE OFF A
FEW SECONDS AGO!



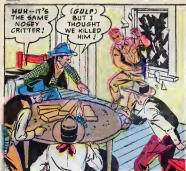
QUICK--
WHICH WAY
DID THEY GO?

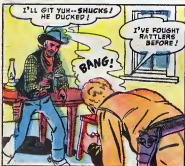
THEY WENT
THAT WAY!











CRASH!

HE'S MAKING
HIS ESCAPE
THROUGH THE
WINDOW!

MEBBE I CAN'T
GIT AWAY WITH THE
LOOT, BUT I
DON'T AIM
TUH HANG!

THERE
HE GOES!

AFTER HIM,
MIDNITE!

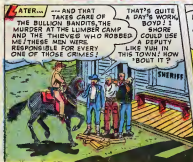
WE'RE GAINING!
C'MON, BOY!

WE'VE GOT TO KEEP LOW
SO HE CAN'T DRAW
A BEAD ON US!

BANG!
BANG!

OUCH--THAR
GOES MUH GUN!
HE SHOT IT RIGHT
OUT OF MUH HAND!

FOR A FELLOW WHO DIDN'T MIND
SENDING ME ON A JOURNEY BEFORE,
YOU SURE DIDN'T MIND TAKING
ONE IN A HURRY
YOURSELF!



COMIX CARDS
appear in

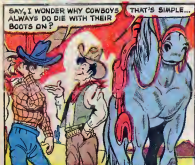
Bill Boyd
WESTERN

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BRAINY BUSTER **A PAIL ANSWER**





DANGEROUS WARNING



By Martin Larsen

WINDY PRESCOTT saw the familiar, buckskin clad figure on the rain-gutted ridge just as the wagon came up out of the gulch onto the prairie. He whipped the horses across the flat toward the river, hoping his Uncle Jabe hadn't noticed the young Indian, who sat on his pony, watching them. But at that moment, he felt the old man cautiously slide the rifle off his knees.

Windy got a queer feeling in the pit of his stomach. All that talking he'd done, to persuade Uncle Jabe that nowadays the Indians were friendly, hadn't been convincing. The white-headed old man still had his ideas and opinions of the West and its Indians, even though he had been away for nearly fifteen years. It would take something stronger than talk to change him!

Somehow Windy kept his eyes away from Chi-wag-i, the young Indian, who was his good friend. His heart pounded violently, and his mind sought a way to handle the situation. When the rifle barrel came up past his line of vision, unsteadily searching out its target, Windy acted out of desperation.

He pulled on the reins deliberately hard, and with a suddenness that set the horses twisting in their harness. The wagon veered out of the muddy trail. The front wheels hit the rocks and brush with a bounce. Uncle Jabe grabbed at the wagon seat. The gun slide down beneath his boots. Windy saw Chi-wag-i whirl his pony back over the ridge out of sight.

Old Jabe's face showed concern. His white mustache bobbed up and down and sputtering sounds came from behind it. His pale eyes flashed at Windy.

"Yuh spoiled my aim, and on purpose, too—or I'm a green polecat!"

Windy's young face was sober. "Sure I did, Uncle Jabe. That Indian was my best friend! What do you think he thought of being aimed at? He probably came out from Red Feather to welcome me back! He knew I went to Call's City to meet you and bring you on out here."

The old man leaned toward young Windy, astonishment on his face. "That's just it! He knew it and he's following us for no good pur-

pose! Likely wants to rob us of our vittles."

Windy's shoulders sagged. He turned the horses and sent them back into the wagon road, feeling very upset. What use was there in trying to persuade Uncle Jabe that he'd lived past the days of hostile redmen. To the old man the West still meant lurking danger from painted warriors! Windy sighed. Perhaps his mother had been wrong in wanting to have Uncle Jabe live with them. It certainly looked as if he would spell trouble in the town of Red Feather!

Red Feather was practically an Indian settlement. There were as many Indian dwellings as there were log cabins. Nice people lived in each one. Men like Tica-lo, Piki, and Old Joe. Boys like Chi-wag-i, his good friend.

He looked back over his shoulder. Maybe Chi-wag-i was no longer his friend. He wouldn't blame him a bit!

WINDY turned the team at the river and drove along the muddy banks toward the ford. Red Feather was only seven miles beyond the ford, and soon Uncle Jabe would be under his mother's watchful eye. Windy breathed a breath of relief for that.

Uncle Jabe gave the muddy waters of the river a baleful look. The banks were slick with the last traces of a flood.

"Don't know as I like crossin' floods too well, neither!" he mumbled. "Never could swim."

"River looks about normal to me, Uncle Jabe," Windy assured him. "It was probably high yesterday, but you can see how it has gone down."

Uncle Jabe's mustache bobbed. He looked toward the ridge again and shifted his rifle. "If it turns out that the varmint behind us ain't friendly like yuh think, Windy, it'd put us at a disadvantage, crossin' a rillin' river. Yuh tend to the crossin'. I'm keepin' my eyes peeled."

Windy halted the wagon a moment at the ford to rest the horses. Then he started the team into the water. For a while Uncle Jabe's attention was focused upon the muddy water that sloshed against the legs of the animals, and swirled

through the wheels as Windy kept it slowly rolling out into the stream.

Suddenly there was a yell from the direction of the ridge. Windy glanced back, his heart somersaulting. Why hadn't Chi-wag-i stayed out of sight!

Uncle Jabe looked back, too. He made a grab for the rifle he had barely set aside.

Chi-wag-i was down low over his pony's neck, running the animal toward them. He was gesturing and waving and shouting, but Windy couldn't hear because of the noisy stream.

"Friendly, huh!" Uncle Jabe yelled. "I had him figured right!" and he lifted the rifle.

Windy cracked the whip over the horses with the intention of making them leap suddenly, enough to lurch the wagon a bit and make Uncle Jabe grab the wagon seat again. The horses lunged at the snap of the whip, straight out into the muddy stream—and sank into water up to their necks.

The front end of the wagon tipped toward the hole in the river, too. Uncle Jabe's rifle flew out of his hand and went over the side of the wagon. He clutched the seat, eyes bulging, watching the frantic plunging of the team as the animals tried to keep their noses up.

"The bottom's out of the river! The flood took out the bottom!" Windy cried a warning.

Uncle Jabe's mustache quivered. "Do something, boy!"

THERE was only one thing to do. Windy huddled close against the front of the wagon, keeping away from the plunging animals, as he went into the water. He felt for the pin that held the double-tree to the tongue of the wagon. If he could only get the horses free of the wagon!

Windy got his fingers under the top of the pin and pulled. The plunging of the horses brought the pin up slightly and then drew it back into place, pinching his fingers. He almost cried out in pain. Then Windy gave another tug, straining back with all his might. The pin came up out of the double-tree and it slid along the tongue.

The horses, finding themselves free at their heels, lunged against the breast straps. The neck yoke came off the wagon tongue and the team scrambled together for solid footing.

The wagon rocked crazily. It tipped toward the muddy water, causing Windy to lose his hold. He plunged into the stream headlong, crying. "Look out, Uncle Jabe!"

He came up in time to see the old man slide across the seat. Uncle Jabe hit the water just as the wagon slid on down the hole. Windy began to swim.

Uncle Jabe came up out of the water, sputtering. There was a wild look in his eyes and his mustache was the muddy color of the river. He had lost his hat and his white hair had changed color, too. Then Windy remembered he couldn't swim, and started for him.

He had almost reached the old man when something passed between them, sending a shower of water over Windy's head. With smarting eyes, he saw Chi-wag-i's pony swimming. Then he saw that Chi-wag-i was clinging to the horse's neck with one brown arm. He had a grip in Uncle Jabe's muddy-colored hair and was towing him shoreward.

Windy grinned and made for the other bank. He helped Chi-wag-i get his gasping uncle upon the solid earth.

Uncle Jabe was staring at Chi-wag-i. Between gasps of exasperation and amazement he sputtered. "Windy, boy! He pulled me out! The redskin saved my bloomin' hide!"

Windy grinned and sat down beside his uncle. Chi-wag-i sat down, too. But the young Indian's face was sober. Windy knew he was thinking about the rifle he had seen pointed in his direction.

"Sure, Uncle Jabe," Windy agreed. "Chi-wag-i is that kind, that's why he's my best friend."

"Yeah," Uncle Jabe muttered, still wondering.

"And his people at Red Feather are my friends, too. And they are your friends. Chi-wag-i just proved it, didn't he?"

The old man shook his head slowly, unbelievably. There was an ashamed look on his face.

"Fifteen years and look what's happened to my West!" His voice sounded amazed. "I guess I've got to spend the rest of my days plumb peaceful like!"

UNCLE JABE stretched out his hand. "If you're the friend Windy thought yuh was, guess yuh might have come to meet him 'cause yuh knew about that hole. Might be yuh tried to save us this trouble. Did ya, Injun?"

Chi-wag-i nodded. "Me find out about bad river. Tell friend, but too late."

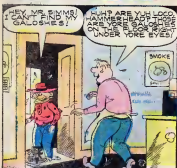
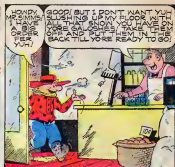
Uncle Jabe kept his hand outstretched until Chi-wag-i's face lost its soberness and he began to smile. The young Indian took Uncle Jabe's hand as the white man's token of friendliness.

And then Uncle Jabe said something that made Windy feel mighty good.

"A Westerner never forgets a favor, friend," he told Chi-wag-i, heartily, the corners of his mustache twitching damply. "No, sirc! Never."

And Windy knew he meant it.

THE END



Windy Whopper

"YOU CAN BANK ON HIM"

SOME BANK GUARD YUH ARE, WINDY WHOPPER! YUH SIT OUT HYAR PEACEFULLY READING WHILE SOME OUTLAWS INSIDE RIGHT NOW TRYING TUH OPEN THE SAFE!

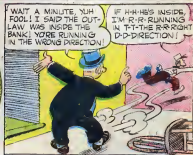


A BANK ROBBER! GIVE ME ROOM!



WAIT A MINUTE, YUH FOOL! I SAID THE OUTLAW WAS INSIDE THE BANK! YORE RUNNING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION!

IF H-H-H-S INSIDE, I'M R-R-RUNNING IN T-T-THE R-R-RIGHT D-D-DIRECTION!



LISTEN, WINDY! I'M PAYING YUH TUH PROTECT MUH BANK AND--



--YORE GOING TUH DO THAT WHETHER YUH LIKE IT OR NOT! NOW GET INSIDE AND STOP THAT OUTLAW!



GULP, IT'S
WINDY WHOPPER.
THE BANK GUARD!
I'VE GOT TUH GET
OUT OF HYAR!

BUT BEFORE
THE
OUTLAW
CAN MOVE-

THIS SHOULD NOT ONLY STOP
HIM--IT SHOULD DROP HIM,
TOO!

WHAM!

I SEE YUH CAUGHT
HIM ALREADY! HOW
DID YUH DO IT SO
FAST?

HE WAS WORKING
ON THE DIAL WHEN
I ARRIVED AND--

-- HE DIDNT
KNOW WHICH
WAY TO TURN!

IS HE A
NOTORIOUS
OUTLAW?



NOW I RECOGNIZE
HIM! HE'S SO
CROOKED EVEN
THE BAGS UNDER
HIS EYES
HAVE FALSE
BOTTOMS!

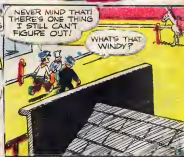
WHAT'S
HIS
NAME?

JACK STEELE,
AND HE'LL STEAL
ANYTHING IN
SIGHT. WHY,
HE EVEN IN-
VENTED RUBBER
POCKETS!

BUT WHAT
GOOD ARE
RUBBER
POCKETS?

HOW ELSE COULD HE
STEAL SQUP?





WHY HE PUT ON A BAKER'S OUTFIT TO PULL A ROBBERY!

DON'T YUH GET IT? I WAS TRYING TUH MAKE SOME EASY DOUGH!



IN THAT CASE YUH BETTER KEEP THAT OUTFIT ON! BECAUSE AS SOON AS YO'RE BEHIND BARS, YO'RE GOING TUH BE ON A DIET OF BREAD AND WATER!



I'VE GOT A CUSTOMER FOR YUH, SHERIFF!

GOOD, I'LL SELL HIM A CELL FOR NOTHING!



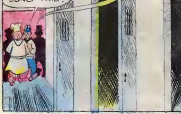
DID YUH CATCH ANY MURDERERS YET, SHERIFF?

NO, WINDY! I'M AFRAID NOT!



AS YUH CAN SEE FOR YORESELF, THIS BANK ROBBER'S THE FIRST CUSTOMER I'VE HAD IN A LONG TIME.

HOW COME YO'RE INTERESTED IN MURDERERS, WINDY?



I'M ANXIOUS TO TRY OUT MY NEW INVENTION! I CROSSED AN ELECTRIC CHAIR WITH AN ELECTRIC TOASTER!

WHAT GOOD IS THAT?



THE PRISONER POPS OUT WHEN DONE!

SOMETIMES I THINK YO'RE BRAINS POPPED OUT, WINDY! I'LL BE SEEING YUH, BUT NOT IF I CAN HELP IT! SO LONG.

